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Select Tale.

From the Waverly Magazine.
TWO SIDES OF LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

CHAPTER II.

"He who for love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier, thousand fold than one
Who never loved at all.
A grace within his heart has reigned,
That nothing else can bring;
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering."

DAYS WORE weeks, weeks were busy twining months, and long, weary months shadowed themselves into years, and yet Allan Everard, with his fair boy, dwelt at Rosedell. The cottage was the same; every spring the vines were trained anew the garden walks ornamented with brilliant flowers—every thing without presented the same aspect as when its owner first came; and within, to an unperceptive eye, there was no change. Stranger hands kept the white curtain rare, and free from soil—stranger hands adorned the child, and the same eyes and quiet elegance was discernable in all. Each morning the vases were filled with fresh floral offerings; each evening there went up a sweet hymn of praise to the glorious Giver of life and unnumbered blessings, and yet in the heart's deep recesses there was a fearful blank.

Sunday came, with its balm for the world-wounded spirit—with its zephyr-like stillness, and gently tolling bell, bringing tones of blessed rest, and then, hand in hand, walked Allan Everard and his child to the village church. There was one wanting beside them—there was a vacant seat in the pew; there was an unopened hymn book, whose rich, golden clasps bore the name of "Lucy Everard," and their hearts inwardly lingered for a liquid, melting tone to rise with them in triumphant praise, or gently sink in prayer—oh, whose image time could not obliterate, nor absence mar—forgotten, and yet held in memory.

And if possible, it was felt still more acutely at home. There was an ever lingering for the look, the smile, and the words that came in melody in former days—a feeling of anxious expectation and hope deferred, that the heart experienced but would not own. There were times when the father painfully longed to hear his child's lips utter "mother" once more, as if to break the heavy stillness that unconsciously hung round his heart. There were times when the boy's young brow grew thoughtful, and his lips quivered in intense emotion; but thoughts died ere utterance gave them birth. He neither wished nor asked for her, but clung closer to his father, as if in that love he would drown all thoughts of his early bereavement.

The villagers remembered when he had first brought the fair face and fragile form of her he called his wife, among them, and when they gazed upon her fair child, they whispered, "Such as him were not for this world," but they spoke not her name in his presence.

Four years since, the foot-fall of Lucy Everard had echoed at Rosedell, and the boy of half a dozen summers had numbered nearly half a score. He had been bird flower and sunshine, concentrated in his father's path. He had roamed the deep woods, read from the same book, slept upon his bosom, prayed at his knee, and shared alone and undivided, love's fond caresses, until father and child had, as it were, grown into one life.

The hand of God was laid heavily on Allan Everard. Had he seen his cottage home despoiled—the spot so sacred to memory made a haunt for decay, and the owl's scream falling fitfully on the stilly air—had he been stripped of all his wealth, or doomed to racking pains, all this he could have borne cheerfully. Ah! he would have thought it but light to toil day by day for bread, to save his child from hunger—borne any privation gladly, to have saved his boy one pang.

There was an unseen hand cutting the fibres of his heart sunder. Not the out-

ones, those that reach higher and further, encompassing all mankind; no, but down closer, nearer, the first chord that wound round the heart's core—gently removing the cherished idol, lest it should come between life and heaven.

"Oh! when our twining love no more
May to its idol cling,
What kindly power into the heart
Shall breeze or sunshine bring."

There are times when sickness comes, with the wild Simoon's power, devastating all within its reach—not content with destroying the outer temple—laying in waste the soul it life and speaking features, but runs riot with the intellect, bringing visions of terror in sleeping and waking moments; when the limbs throw off all restraint, and toss wildly in answer to the racking pain, until even those who worshipped at the shrine in former days, are first to pray for the spirit's removal. But not in such guise came death to the fair child of Allan Everard.

There is a gradual melting of the ice on the clear bosom of the lake, when the springtide sun beams on it, sparkling many a hidden jewel, and bring to light radiant hues, fading so slowly that even decay is sweet to look upon—and as such came the destroyer to the cottage gem. There was no agony of pain—nothing to mark the steps of approaching death but a brighter sparkle in the eye, and a fever flush on the cheek—something so beautiful, the heart could have blessed the angel whose wings were enfolding the loved. Oh! how blessed to die thus, like flowers, yielding fragrance with their latest breath, sinking slowly away to the haven rest, where there is no thought but joy, fadeless and ever enduring happiness—where none can say, "I am weary." And this was the fair boy's portion. He had sported by the gurgling wavelets, where the bright sunshine played; he had listened to the song of birds, when the very air he breathed seemed full of melody; he had heard the silver tinkling of flower-bells, and seen in the dusky twilight, the bright stars in radiant splendor; and now, when flowers had folded their leaves, and birds sought the leafy trees, like them, he was only going home.

It was evening again, and Edward Everard slept calmly upon his father's bosom, scarcely less fair than when a mother's heart had been the resting-place. Through the transparent skin could be seen the delicate tracery of every vein, that still led life blood through the limbs. Time had robbed the features of a few dimples, yet left much of infantine beauty, enhancing it by the sweet repose discernable, while the long eyelashes rested on the cheek, their golden hues forming a pleasing contrast to his lily whiteness. The evening breath crept idly through the lattice window, bringing fragrance in every step, and gently playing with the silken hair of the sleeper. Minutes and hours were borne on time's restless wing, yet the child slumbered, while the father gazed upon him, feeling how little would be left when his child was gone—striving to keep back painful and indistinct thoughts of the past. There was a sound—a sweet, yet painful sound—floating through the apartment, unlocking the prison door of his heart, bidding the tumultuous feelings rush forth without thought or order—a simple word expressing the hidden yearning of years—a word waking unutterable love, that pride had vainly tried to destroy—oh, strange it should have such power now!

There have been times when the faces of those we loved changed to us fearfully—when some cold feeling taught the eye to glance scornfully, the brows to knit sternly, and the features to dissemble the real sentiments of the heart—aye, even led the pure lips, that we once thought never could deceive, to wreath themselves in false smiles, glittering like the reflection of sunlight on glass; all those may be taught, and so skillfully acted upon that we turn away sick at heart, longing with our innermost thoughts never to meet the wreck of our high hopes. And yet it may hide a bursting, loving heart beneath—a heart that hath drunk deeply, the bitter waters of life, until deception, alike to friend and foe, becomes from very distrust, a second nature; but there are hours when the blessed portals of sleep close, shutting the outer world from the inner; and the

heart, travelling back over memory's plain, forgets the desert path its weary feet have trod. Neither the eye nor brow may tell the restoration, for they are sealed; but in that silent hour, the lips, warm with the impress of some well nigh forgotten kiss, and from between the dewy twin rubies the world hath named lips, escapes endearing words, such as came in by-gone days, when the sunlight of happiness streamed on the way, in its first undimmed lustre, ere the clouds of adversity darkened—words that neither pride, power, or stern command may still—words breaking from the heart's deepest cell, revealing how little real power outward change hath over the spirit.

And so it was with the sleeping child, when his rounded lips parted as the first leaves of the rose unroll, and gliding from the pearly recess came the word that had held his young heart in bondage, burning deeper and deeper to the core in silence when the garish light of day shone, but at eve breaking forth softly on the stilly air—"Mother!" and as the gates of the father's heart unclosed, there went up a voiceless prayer—the first prayer ever entwined with her name—"that she might see her second life, that she called child, die;" and there welled up a deep sigh from his heart that woke the boy's dreamy spirit. The soft eye was upturned in its waking light to the father, and from the lips came words like the musical tones of the south wind calling to life the flowers—

"I was dreaming of her, father."
"I thought you had forgotten her," Allan Everard replied, and pride put her hand on the gateway of the heart.

There was a look of intense, unutterable fondness in the child's face, as he returned—

"O, no, father, I could not forget her, for she seemed hovering round me; and the sweet songs she used to sing all came back, with her gentle words and loving kiss; but you said she was wicked, and I only lingered a moment at your knee to pray God would forgive her. I tried not to love her, but it would come—was it so very wrong?"

There fell on the child's sunny hair, something like a dew drop, and as it rolled on the floor, shivering in a thousand tiny specks, the father replied—

"No—what else do you remember?"
The boy's slender fingers met and interlaced each other, and after a moment he said—

"I remember it all, father—how she used to gather the flowers for me to play with, and tell me about the kind God who made them, and smile when I laughed to see the snow flakes dancing about, and her sweet song—and oh! don't you remember, father, how she used to twine her arms around us, and say we were jewels to her—priceless ones—better than sun or moon, stars or flowers—and how we used to watch for your coming—oh! was it not beautiful?"

"And what did you dream?"

"I dreamed she had come again, and her step was light, and her voice love—like that she knelt beside me and said, 'Our Father.' There were bright birds singing, and sweet flowers, and I put my arms round her neck while she kissed me, and it hardly seemed like this," and he glanced round the room.

"God bless you, darling," Allan Everard said, as he twined his arms around his child, and leaning down his head, both wept together.

Four years ago, in the twilight, memory recalled the past by the blinding glare of pride—now she travelled the same path that had known no foot print since; but the soft gleams of love shadowed the way, bringing to light many an unforgetting times that circled it radiantly. There are times when the heart is full to overflowing, and only one word determines its fate—so it was with Allan Everard. Had a stranger spoken his wife's name, it might have called forth bitter thoughts, and sternly would he have hushed every angel spirit that pleaded for her; but his child's long remembered love, and unforgetting prayer, woke every thought of love that had lingered in his bosom. Fancy brought her in all her youthful beauty—again heard her voice mingled with soft, dreamy harmonies—then her beaming face, radiant

with smiles, as she came to greet his return. Unselfish, too, had been her love. Many a time, when he would have lavished his wild profusion of kisses upon her, she would playfully hold her child between—oh! how pure; and she had given all her love to him, when others, gayer, more youthful, would have deemed her little less than an angel, and taken her to their bosom as a holy thing, to be loved and cherished, and shielded from aught that could harm; she had danced in magical light upon his pathway until—no, it was not the coming of the tempter that changed her; she had been light and joyous as a summer bird, until, in his wilfulness, he had trod upon the pure heart, crushed the aspiring love, and even a worm would have turned then.

The moon had well nigh reached its meridian, and its coruscant beams crept hither and thither, sometimes interrupted by a darkling cloud, and then bursting forth in new effulgence from its transient prison; but Allan Everard sat by his child's bedside, unheeding how the time passed on. There were innumerable angels flitting in the light that silvered the room, and weaving with their starry fingers, strange words, tracing many pictures, while Mercy, with her dew-drop eyes and pleading face, whispered, "even so, beloved ones, forgive one another as God has forgiven you;" and she traced a pale, tearful face, whose blue eyes had lost their lustre, and a thin, attenuated form, wasting, day by day, weaker and paler, not with deep and unforfeited sin—no, dying because there was none to live for—none to love; fading as the rose whose stem has been bent, until the heart strings gave way and there left to wither; the pallid lips quivered for breath—one gasp, and they trembled no more. Strangers came to shroud her, and fold the thin hands on the breast—no sigh, no tear, no kiss imprinted on her cold forehead; coldly they laid her in a stranger's grave, with no prayer, and unblest—yet ever the pale face came back, and the thin lips tried to murmur, "Father, forgive him."

There was another busy weaving, but this time the tracery was different. There were gay lights—gaudy, glittering tinsel—painted faces and decorated forms—harsh, discordant voices, and a laugh fearfully hollow, mingled with boisterous merriment, that sounded painfully on his ears. The lights flickered a moment, and then it was misty darkness, with a wild, fitful echo of the past—then by the wayside a shrunken form lay dying. None came near it as if they dreaded pollution, and then the rough man laid her in a pauper's grave.

Memory went back to the heart's first love, in its deep, ardent intensity—how she had watched for his coming, and lain on his bosom, whispering, in lute-like tones, the depths of her impassioned love—and how had it been repaid? When the tempter came, he had left her to struggle alone—withdrawn even the light of his smile—planted thorns in her path—way that might not be seen, but oh! how keenly felt. When she wished for a glittering home in the city, why had he turned carelessly away, instead of unveiling his heartless guile? After she had known its glittering was only an outside show, she would have turned lovingly to him, and longed for her sweet cottage home in its wealth of love.

There are blessed visitants alike to city and country—warm, vivifying sunlight, making the stones almost glitter, and gleaming among the trees, half trying to make amends for its burning rays at midday by softer beams morning and night—rain that patters musically on the roofs and cools the heated atmosphere; genial dew, that bids the thin, straggling blades of grass be cheered; soft moonlight, falling like Gilead's balm; gentle stars, that look out from their blue covert with bright eyes; and there is love, priceless love, cherished alike in city or country.

It was summer time in the city. There was no merry cricket to enliven the evening—no sweet sound from forest depths—no silver moon shed undimmed lustre on all around. How the gas lights twinkled, as if they would fain outshine it, and throngs of merry, happy faces—crowds of miserable suffering ones, men, women and

children, jostling one another in the busy thoroughfares—windows, that shimmered and shone with costly plate and jewelry—others displaying rich silks, satins, laces, and ribbons; some full of toys, where the little ones lingered longest; some piled with bread and cake, while sunken eyes from without gazed wistfully upon it—here a place through whose large plates of glass a glimpse may be obtained of something not unlike an oasis in the desert, full of many colored lamps suspended from the way trees, where young hearts met, gaily dreaming of nought but bliss and Elysian homes. Then there are quiet streets, still and deserted, where you would almost fancy a blight had been and swept away the busy, bustling inhabitants. Now and then perhaps, half in the shade, by an open window you might see two forms, busy whispering gentle words into future happiness, and it might be an infant's wail, or a quick footstep, to break the silence—nought else.

Where was Lucy Everard all this time? Not by the casement—not in the gay, pleasant gardens—not in the crowded streets—oh! where was she, then? No, not dead—not fallen—but a pure, strong hearted woman, toiling for daily bread—a weak, suffering woman—a barque tossed on life's tempestuous ocean—no light, no guide.

No light! no guide! O, I was strangely wrong. There was a sweet, holy child—part of her life; and, morning and night, it lisped a prayer for the wanderer—who her first taught it to pray for all alike; and each one of those words was a link in a chain that kept the mother from sin.

There are myriads of unseen angels flitting hither and thither, searching the heart's most secret places, and like them we will seek the wanderer. Apart from the busy world, in a lonely silent street, there are high houses, that almost shut sunlight from the opposite window, and the wind can scarcely sweep through the narrow way. They are dreary looking places, small, ill ventilated rooms, and God's neglected poor are crowded in them, shut from every pleasure on which the eye may look with delight, save the blue sky and bright sun, the cloud, and the pillar on which our eyes may rest when turned heavenward. In one of these dwelt the beautiful Lucy Everard; not in the damp, unwholesome basements; not on the first, second, or third floor, but high above them, where the air might come the purest, and at sunset the glowing tints of the western sky streamed richly in her room. Many a time had her weary feet trod those long stairs, and yet she would not have exchanged places with any of the inmates, for hers seemed nearer heaven.

The moonlight was creeping through the dormer window, and fell in rich folds on the carpeted floor, silencing each board with brilliant sparkles, and weaving fantastic shadows, that danced merrily to and fro. In one corner stood a neatly arranged bed, and a table, with a few chairs, completed the furniture of the room. By the table sat Lucy Everard sewing, bending and unbending the thin taper fingers, until they flew like busy fairies, or half unconsciously gazing upon the flickering candle, that had well nigh burnt down to the socket. Faster, faster went the restless fingers, and the weary eyes looked dim and tearful, not less altered than the rest of the features. Lips and cheeks had lost their fullness and color; suffering, from care and sickness, had changed her thus outwardly—but was the heart the same?

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

"Is a man and wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well then," said she, "I came home drunk, last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

The husband comprehended the meaning of the question, and his wife did not come home drunk any more.

KATE ALLIN.

BY JENNY F. BELL.

"But where is he, the lover,
Who should be here to-day?"

KATE ALLIN, she was a glorious creature, and as I sit gazing into the flickering waves of the firelight, memory is revelling in the "store-house," of by-gone recollections, that were once the "star-beam of all my days." Out from the heart's deep chamber, where it has been cherished as a holy thing for long weary years, comes the remembrance of Kate Allin, as I knew her at nineteen.

It was her bridal day, and there were busy fingers making preparations for the entertainment of the expected guests. All day had the handsome figure of Kate glided softly in and out, with its own peculiar air of indescribable grace, and the large dark eyes were filled with an expression of tender seriousness, touchingly beautiful to behold. Taken altogether, the dark, handsome face had forgot its mirth-inspiring smile, and wore a look of strange earnestness, entirely foreign to its usual reckless gaiety.

The day was drawing to a close—everything was in readiness, and after taking a last peep into the prettily arranged, half-shadowed rooms, where the sun light was leaving his last golden gleamings, Kate drew the curtains into a more graceful drape, and with a half gay, half sad smile, sprang up stairs, followed by cousin Alice and myself to don her bridal attire.

Soon the long black curls were sweeping over the faultless shoulders, and our busy fingers were rapidly threading the luxuriant moss, as we performed the office of tire-women. Ere an hour had elapsed, the little chamber contained the most radiantly beautiful being I ever beheld. A simple dress of white muslin fell in snowy folds around her graceful figure, leaving the beautiful neck and arms just discernable through the gossamer trimmings of rich blond. The raven ringlets were not flowing in their usual style, but caught away from the white shoulders, and fell, half shading the face with a tiny wreath of snow berries and myrtle. After pressing a kiss of mingled love and admiration upon Kate's forehead, cousin Alice, who was to officiate as bridesmaid, tripped lightly down stairs, and soon returned with Mrs. Allin.

"Oh, Kate, my beautiful, so soon to leave me forever," murmured the mother, as the impulsive Kate sprang into her embrace, to the sad dishevelment of the nicely arranged hair, "and Katy, mine own, God bless you! and may you be always faithful to the great trust reposed in you."

Mrs. Allin, did not trust herself to speak again, for her voice was unsteady, and a tear glittered on the tremulous hand that sought the door.

Kate turned to the window and stood gazing out into the deepening twilight—"Why don't he come?" she murmured more than once, and then commenced walking rapidly across the floor. Again she paused before the window, half started back, and then said in a low, excited tone, "Come here girls."

We obeyed, what a change had come over the late fair heavens. The gorgeous sun-dyed and crimson clouds were fast giving place to one, large, dark, and murky, that came rapidly up, shadowing the beautiful landscape with its broad wing, like a bird of ill omen. And away far off in the western horizon, the fierce lightning flashes threw out their glittering chains and gave warning of an approaching tempest.

We stood there and gazed until the twilight all faded away, and the shadows gathered so thickly in the little room, that the white robed figure, standing so mute at the window, was barely distinguished from surrounding objects. And yet no bridegroom? Mr. Allin had joined us now; and had spoken half cheerfully of the loiterer, but Kate showed no sign of attention save a momentary trembling of the lip.

All at once, a quick, coming sound of horse's feet broke upon the stillness; Kate heard it, for the small hand resting upon my arm clasped mine with such convulsive energy, that I uttered an involuntary cry of pain. Nearer, nearer, and

nearer yet came that impatient gallop; and at length a panting horse, and the outlines of the rider's figure were just discernable, and then plainly distinct.

Now Kate's hand left mine, and was pressed firmly down against the wildly throbbing heart. The equestrian neared the house—we saw the cap raised gallantly in acknowledgment of Kate's presence, and then—O, heavens! what booming thunder, what a fearful flash! and ere our dazzled eyes recovered their vision, the white steed dashed by the window; but oh, God! it was riderless!

I shall never, to my dying day, forget the heart-breaking cry that rang through that little chamber, and then fell shuddering into silence; and Kate Allin sprang past us; and before we could recover from the shock, her white dress gleamed before us, and then sprang through the door, ran down the yard, and passed the gate; suddenly she stopped; a moment and she was erect again.

We saw the white arm raised toward heaven, as if invoking His mercy, and then one wild, chilling cry of "Oh, mother, mother, mother!" and then shriek after shriek rang out upon the night air, wildly piercing in their anguish, and fell down upon our hearts like a death knell.

We were soon gathered around the spot where she stood. The blinding lightning, the deafening thunder crash, we heeded them not. Every eye was riveted upon the spot where lay the handsome figure of the fearless bridegroom, stricken down by instant death, when so near the goal of earthly happiness.

They raised the inanimate form and bore it through the bright lighted rooms, up into the bridal chamber. So life-like looked the pale, handsome face, we could hardly deem it possible that the manly spirit had gone to "Him who made it."

But it was even so; far over the proud forehead, and down the right temple, showed the lightning's broad, fearful track. And Kate, since the first awakening of the stern reality of her desolation, she had moved almost like one half crazed; and as the company gradually dispersed, leaving the stricken one alone with her mighty sorrow, then were "dood gates" of grief opened, and Kate Allin knelt down by the stilled form, so life like even in death, and thought of the happy past, the fearful present, and of the dreary, joyless future.

Sadly was that young heart chastened, and putting back the clustering hair that had once been her pride, she pressed her lips wildly again and again upon the forehead of the sleeper that had gone to a dreamless slumber, and with one last lingering gaze, sadly touching in its utter hopelessness, she left the holy presence of the dead, and in the silence of her own room, laid the burden of her great grief before "Him who doth all things well."

Thus was Kate Allin's bridal night spent in earnest supplication for strength to endure this bitter trial. That prayer was wafted to the throne of Grace. "A bruised reed he will not break," and Kate Allin had learned the entire frailness of earthly hope; and came forth from the trying ordeal, chastened in heart—a purer and a holier being.

"Pete, do you know who was do oldest man?"

"No; but I can tell who was do oldest woman?"

"Who was?"

"Why, old Aunt Tiquity."

"Oh, no! Aunt Diluvian was older den her, an' some say dat Aunt Pennuts was older den either."

"A land of liberty is a land of newspapers. I had rather have newspapers without a Government, said Jefferson, than a Government without a newspaper."

"Deal kindly with those who stray. Draw by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold."

"A good book and a good woman are excellent things to those who know how to justly appreciate their value. But there are many who judge both only by their coverings."